

# Essex County Herald.

M. A. BURNHAM, Editor and Publisher.

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## The Regular Season.

Whack! Crack! Whack!  
"Is an old familiar sound;  
The parlor carpet striding the fence  
Is being beaten around.  
Crash! Dash! Smash!  
From parlor and kitchen and hall;  
A yelp from Tommy, a yell from Joe—  
"Was only a mirror—that's all.  
Mop! Scrub! Wash!  
A painter on every hand;  
Hangers of paper in every room,  
And plumbers increasing the band.  
Bread! Cake! Tea!  
Anything, most, will do;  
Plates are sticky, and knives are gone—  
In color the butter is blue.  
Growl! Scowl! Groan!  
The dishes mixed up with the chairs.  
The sofa upset and pictures smashed,  
And wide down sick with her cares.  
Rip! Bang! Slam!  
Oh! when will it ever be o'er?  
When can we go to bed,  
A bed not made on the floor?  
Ouch! Rub! Danb!  
Paint from ceiling to base;  
The white-washers coming at early dawn,  
To make a—hotel of the place!  
Dogs! Dream! Wake!  
And then fall asleep again  
To dream that cholera came at last,  
With solemn funeral train.  
Once every year—  
Rip things up and tear—  
Smash! crash! bang!  
Growl! snarl! glare!  
—M. Quad, in *Detroit Free Press*.

## MR. DELMAYNE'S WARD.

"Something must be done," said Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively, "the girl is getting more reckless every day."  
"What can be done?" asked Mr. Richard Delmayne, looking helplessly at his sister-in-law, "we cannot shut her up in a convent."  
"No, but we can find her a husband and get her comfortably settled."  
"But she is so young."  
"She will be nineteen in May, and I married at that age. It is a great pity that you were obliged to receive her into your household, Richard. Guardianship over a girl like Dorothea, was a great responsibility for a bachelor to assume."  
"I suppose so," was the reply; "but I could not refuse the dying request of an old friend."

"At first, I entertained hopes that she would improve by remaining with us," said Mrs. Delmayne, plaintively, "but, as I remarked before, she is wider than ever. I am kept in a perpetual state of nervous excitement, for I never know what madcap prank she will play next. I thought it disgraceful enough when she donned a suit of Dick's and went skating on the pond the evening they had that skating party, but this last prank is still worse, if possible."

Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump, white hands and settled herself comfortably in a luxurious easy chair, and prepared to enjoy her favorite pastime, which consisted of retelling Dorothea's misdeeds.  
"You know Squire Vonsenby has been looking for a wife for a year or two—now he is quite wealthy, is respectfully connected, and would be a very suitable match for Dora."  
"Squire Vonsenby?" gasped Richard, in amazement, "he is old enough to be her grandfather, and has a married daughter who is considerably older than Dora."

"Well," replied his sister-in-law, "Dora needs a husband who is steady and sober-minded, she is so flighty herself. Besides, Mr. Vonsenby looks full ten years younger than his real age, so my opinion it would have been a very suitable match. But it is all over now," she added, with a sigh, "he will never enter this house again."

In answer to Richard's look of inquiry, Mrs. Delmayne continued:

"I invited Mr. Vonsenby to tea last evening—I had my household duties to attend to after tea was over, so I left Dorothea to entertain our guest. She must have neglected him shamefully, for the poor man fell asleep, and the little hussy seized the opportunity to play one of her ridiculous pranks; she actually had the audacity," and Mrs. Delmayne lowered her voice to an impressive whisper, "actually had the audacity to remove his wig and substitute an old red one, that she found among some rubbish in the garret. The poor man did not discover the trick until he had become the laughing-stock of the community. Dick happened to hear about it this morning, and I considered it my duty to inform you of the affair, as you were absent at the time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Richard. "I can imagine how ridiculous he looked strutting along in his pompous manner."  
"I am certainly astonished at you, Richard," said Mrs. Delmayne, severely, "I sincerely hope you do not uphold the girl in her disgraceful actions."  
"I shall of course reprove her," he replied. "Dot will improve as she grows older, I have no doubt—she is merry and thoughtless now, but I think she will develop into a splendid woman."

Mrs. Delmayne cast an uneasy look at her brother-in-law's face as she left the room. She had a reason for wishing Dot safely disposed of; she was fearful that Richard might fall in love with his fascinating ward, and that would never do, for if he were to marry it would dash Mrs. Delmayne's hopes to the ground. She had secretly determined that her son Dick—his uncle's namesake—should be his heir. Besides, her brother-in-law's elegant residence made a very comfortable home for herself and fatherless boy, and madame had no intention of losing it, hence she made the most of Dot's mischievous escapades.

Just as madame's silken skirts rustled up stairs the hall door flew open and light footstep danced along the passage.  
"Dot! Dot!" called Mr. Delmayne. The appellation exactly suited the young girl who entered. A dainty form, a dark, piquant face, lit up with a pair of black eyes which sparkled with mischief.

"Well, Guardy," she said, with a saucy smile, which revealed a dimple in

each soft pink cheek. "What—is it a lecture?"

"Yes, Dot," replied Mr. Delmayne, gravely, "I really must lecture you. Your conduct to Mr. Vonsenby was extremely unbecomingly."  
"I don't care, Guardy," cried Dot, defiantly, "I can't bear old Vonsenby, and I am confident that Mrs. Delmayne invited him here to make love to me, so I resolved to frustrate her kind intentions. She left me to entertain him all the evening, and I was just dying to finish 'Jane Eyre.' Well, I gave him the last number of *Scribner's* and the *Monthly Review*, and hoped he would entertain himself; but no—he wanted me to play a game of cribbage. I hate cribbage, so I told him I never played the game without staking a small sum of money, just to make it interesting."

"Oh, Dot!"  
"He looked horrified at the idea of gambling, and asked for some music, so I sat down to the piano and made as much noise as possible. He said that sort of music was very edifying, but it made his head ache, and he inquired if I could favor him with 'Annie Laurie.' I complied by playing 'Yankee Doodle' with variations, for I knew he could not distinguish the difference. Just as I was playing the last bar I was startled by a prolonged snore—he had actually gone to sleep with his head hanging over the chair, his wig awry, and his mouth wide open! Now, Guardy, you must admit that was too much for flesh and blood to endure, and I don't profess to be a saint."

"Not by any means," assented her guardian, gravely.  
"Well," continued Dot, "a happy thought struck me. I ran softly up stairs and got an old red wig that Dick used to wear when he belonged to the Amateur Dramatic Club. Then I carefully removed Mr. Vonsenby's nicely dressed black wig, and substituted the red one. I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing when I met imagine how comical he looked!"

"Well, I waited for him to finish his nap until my patience was exhausted, and then I went to the piano and gave an awful thump with both hands. He gave a sudden start and straightened up. I gravely inquired how he liked the piece."

"Charming! charming!" he replied, with enthusiasm. "I always admired Annie Laurie."  
Just at that moment he happened to glance at the clock and finding it later than he expected he jumped up in great haste.

"I declare!" he said, "I had no idea it was so late; how swiftly the time has passed in your fascinating society; but I must tear myself away, for I have an engagement at eight o'clock."  
"Then he bade me adieu, pulled on his overcoat in a great hurry, seized his hat and rushed down the street."

"But, Guardy, he did look so funny with those fierce red locks around his countenance," and Dot broke into peals of laughter at the recollection.

"Dot," said Mr. Delmayne, looking sternly at his mischievous ward; "I don't know what to do with you. I believe I must find some one who will take the responsibility from my hands. Mrs. Delmayne thinks you are old enough to marry, and—"

"The old cat!" interrupted Dot.  
"Dot," said Mr. Delmayne, sternly, "I cannot allow you to apply such an epithet to my sister-in-law."

"Your sister-in-law?" cried Dot, innocently, "why, I was speaking of old Tabby."  
Mr. Delmayne adroitly converted a smile into a yawn.

"Yes," he continued, "I must certainly find a nice young husband for you."  
"I am perfectly willing," replied Dot, composedly, "but who is to be the lucky man? Let me see," she continued, reflectively, "there is my French dancing master, he pressed my hand quite warmly the last time he was here, and he has beautiful eyes, and such a love of a moustache," she added, enthusiastically.

"The jackanapes, he shall never darken these doors again," muttered Mr. Delmayne, between his teeth.  
"Then there is Whitney's head clerk, I am sure he admires me."

"A clerk?" exclaimed Mr. Delmayne, disdainfully.  
"Well," continued Dot, "there is the German music teacher at the seminary, he is a jolly old bear, but then," she added, thoughtfully, "he is a widower with five children; I don't know as I should be capable of taking that position."

"I should think not, decidedly," acquiesced her guardian, with a smile.  
"Well," cried Dot, with a despairing expression on her saucy face, "I don't know what can be done—unless you marry me yourself."

Then, suddenly realizing the enormity of her heedless speech, she darted from the room.

"Marry her myself," mused Mr. Richard Delmayne, "it is not a bad idea. I wonder that it never entered my stupid brain, for I believe I am fond of the little monkey after all, and how desolate the house would be without the sunshine of her presence."

"Not quite nineteen," he continued, thoughtfully, "I am just double her age and I fear I am too old to suit her youthful fancy; but nevertheless, I will try my fate."

The tea bell roused Mr. Delmayne from his reflections. I must mention this subject to Helen, he thought, when I have an opportunity.  
"Marry that forward little chit," cried madame, in dismay, as Richard thus ruthlessly demolished her castle in the air.

"Why, Richard, you must be crazy! A man of your years to think of marrying, when you have a comfortable home, and a sister to attend to your wants. If you take this step, Richard," she continued, "I am confident you will regret it. I think you will see a vast difference with that careless, ignorant child at the head of your household, for I shall not remain to be domineered over by a saucy, independent girl."

Mr. Delmayne made no reply to his sister-in-law's determination would not break his heart.

Dot stood by the window in the deep-

ening twilight, awaiting her guardian, who had been absent several days looking after some property in New York.

Suddenly Dot was aroused from the reverie into which had fallen by a well-known step, and she ran eagerly to the door to admit her guardian.

"Well, puss, what have you been doing during my absence?" asked Mr. Delmayne, as he seated himself before the glowing grate and warmed his chilled fingers.  
"Oh, dear!" cried Dot, "I have been shockingly bad. I can't remember one-half the wickedness I have committed. You must apply to madame for the details, she has a long black list of misdeeds ready for your private ear; but, Guardy, did you succeed in finding a husband for me?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Delmayne, composedly, "but whether, you will be suited, remains to be seen."  
"I suppose I shall be compelled to marry him whether I will or no," rejoined Dot, merrily.

"Not by any means," answered the guardian, gravely.  
"Oh, that is decidedly commonplace—you are not at all like the cruel guardians in stories, who compel their wretched wards to wed the one they choose for them. I am quite disappointed."

"Oh, very well, said Mr. Delmayne, "if you wish me to assume the role of a tyrant, I will do so with pleasure. The person I have chosen will, I am sure, strive to make you happy; but remember there is to be no appeal from my decision."

"It is really going to be romantic after all," cried Dot, clapping her hands; "but when am I to be presented to my fate? Now if he had only sent his photograph, the affair would be complete."

"I believe I have it," said Mr. Delmayne, coolly producing his pocket-book.  
Dot glanced curiously at the *carte de visite* which he passed to her, and beheld the handsome face of her guardian.

"Well," said Mr. Delmayne, drawing his ward to his side, and trying to look into her downcast eyes.

Dot hid her face for a moment on her guardian's shoulder, then, looking up with a charming color, she said, demurely:

"As there is to be no appeal from your decision, I suppose I must submit."

Relics of the Ashtabula Disaster

The unclaimed relics of the Ashtabula bridge horror have been sold at auction, realizing \$42.03. As the authorities could only afford to advertise the sale in the local papers, very few persons were present. The first article sold was a small English leather bag, bearing the name of "S. Leonard" on the fly-leaf. It brought ten cents. Then followed a basket of broken chinaware, valuable only as relics to the buyer; price fifteen cents. A solid silver napkin ring brought ninety-five cents; red embroidered tobacco pouch, fifteen cents; silk handkerchief, thirty-four cents; pair of shoes worn by a girl with a deformed foot, \$1; pair of slates, ten cents. No excitement or agitation was visible until a young lady, daughter of Mr. A. H. Stockwell, formerly a hotel-keeper of Ashtabula, who had been missing since the disaster, detected from a link of a silver chain attached to a watch, blackened and burned, that the time-piece and chain had been the property of her father. She burst into tears, and while sympathizing women gathered around her, a man who had just bought the watch for a few cents delivered it to her. The works of gold watches, which when intact were worth \$150 to \$300 each, were valued at \$1 apiece and sold for considerably less. In fact, they were worthless except for curiosities of the great railroad calamity. There were garments in shreds, that had once been worn by rich and poor, now practically valueless on account of the action of fire, water, ice or snow, or all combined, and the necessarily rough usage they had received in being pulled from the river and the wreck. There were persons present who felt inclined to drop a tear as they tenderly handled an infant's tiny shoe which, like the rest, had suffered from the flames. One stocking of an aged woman, attired in deep mourning—Mrs. J. B. Hopkins, of Painesville—identified as having been knit by herself for her brother, Mr. John Potter, not long before the accident. He left Boston so as to take the Pacific Express, it is supposed, as nothing has ever been heard of him since a day before that unlucky Friday night.

Bijah as a Farmer.

The first peep o' day on these glorious mornings finds Bijah crawling through the fence surrounding his little farm, which he has named "The Bower." A sign on the station-house side reads:

"CAUTION!  
"All cows are notified to keep off these lands, or will be sued according to law. Also, boys not allowed to climb these fences, unless the vegetables. P. S.—No blundered stock for sale."

Yesterday morning, after a month's hard work at agriculture, Bijah found that he had put in the following:

1 qt. sage tea, 1 bu. beans,  
1 lb. figs, 1 bu. chamois,  
1 Jew-harp, 1 peck potatoes,  
20 lbs. hay, 8 some old rye,  
2 lemons, 1 lb. Rio coffee.

Of course, he is only making a commencement. It will take a year or two before the chrome and sage tea get firmly rooted, and one can't expect over half a yield of lemons and coffee the first year. The early hackman, rushing past Bijah putting lumps of sugar on his bill to coax his hay to come up, and heard him gleefully singing:

"Oh! who would be a sailor man,  
And sail the sea?  
Oh! who would drive a four-horse stage,  
Or would a lawyer be?  
Oh! who would sit in Congress,  
Or any office hold,  
Instead of tending the soil  
These mornings sharp and cold?  
Tra-la-la,  
Tra-la-lee,  
No one so happy  
As me-me-me!"

—*Detroit Free Press*.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Farm and Garden.

POTTING PLANTS.—In potting plants, drainage is of the very first importance. It should be provided by covering the bottom of the pot with small pieces of broken flower pot or crockery. This prevents the water from laying in the bottom of the pot and rotting the plant roots.

In preparing your seed beds, don't rake the surface fine, and leave all beneath lumpy and rough. A rule almost exactly the reverse would be better than this. The plant roots enjoy a fine mellow bed, while the surface, if pulverized so thoroughly in being down by the first rain, and then baked and dried into an air-tight crust.

TO CURE A HORSE OF KICKING.—There are several methods of curing this habit. One is to keep the horse in a roomy, loose box; and another is to fasten short chains to the hind legs by straps around the fetlock. Instead of chains, a short, strong cord may be fastened to the strap, and a round wooden ball as large as a baseball, or somewhat larger, should be strung on to the cord. When the horse kicks, the ball or chain rebounds and strikes the legs, so as to make the habit become rather tiresome after a while.

CARE OF COWS.—If cows are kept in a half-starved condition, they yield but little if any milk, and this of poor quality. The food they get under these circumstances may not even be sufficient to meet the more immediate requirements of the body, so that little, if any, is available for milk. Not only is there no profit gained by keeping cows under these circumstances, but the food thus consumed may be said to be wasted, since, if given to fewer cows, it might yield a proper quantity and quality of milk.

LAND DEFICIENT IN LIME.—Where land is deficient in lime, then lime should be applied to it; it is better to apply it frequently, say once in every four or five years, and in moderate doses, say forty to fifty bushels to the acre; it should be applied to the surface and not ploughed under immediately, as it has a natural tendency to sink rapidly in the soil, and as it acts more efficiently when mixed with the soil near the surface, where the air can reach it. Shifc soils require larger doses than light or sandy soils; and it will do little or no good upon low, wet, undrained lands.

FLORIST SEEDS.—This is the season for planting flower seeds in the house, hence the following directions are opportune: Sow on rich and light soil, covering very fine seeds, such as lobelias, with an eighth of an inch of fine sifted sandy soil; water with a fine sprinkler often and a little at a time, keeping the soil moist, but not wet. If the temperature of the room is above fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the seeds will grow long, slender and weakly. When the plants have four good-sized leaves, carefully transplant them without breaking the rootlets, and when an inch high transplant again. Coarser seeds require covering deeper, but in no case more than from one-fourth to one-half an inch.

Butter Scotch Candy.—One cup of molasses, one of sugar, and one-half a cup of butter. Mix them together, and cook until it will stiffen when dropped into water. When done pour in pans and let it cool.

RECIPE.—One-quarter pound of ground rice, one-quarter pound of white sugar, five eggs. Beat all together till it froths; then pour into a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour. Lemon flavoring may be used.

BAKED FISH.—After cleaning, salt the fish for about an hour, then wash it. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, summer savory and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Then put in a pan and sprinkle with flour; put on a little butter, pepper, salt and about a pint of water. Bake an hour and a half.

Soup of Green Peas.—Boil three quarts of shelled peas in two quarts of water. Mix three ounces of butter with flour until quite smooth; add a little salt, black pepper, and a dust of Cayenne pepper, and stir into the boiling peas until the whole boils again, and you will have a cheap and wholesome summer dish.

A RELISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take one quart of a pound of fresh cheese, cut in thin slices, put in a frying-pan, turning a cup of sweet milk over it; add one-fourth teaspoonful dry mustard, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a piece of butter about the size of a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Roll three Boston crackers very fine and sprinkle in gradually; then turn at once into a warm dish; send to table immediately.

A NICE AND HANDSOME SALAD.—Select two good heads of lettuce, split them in half, then wash them in cold water and shake them dry in a napkin; lay them in a salad-bowl, cut lengthwise some well-cooked red beets, and lay them between the heads of lettuce; boil three eggs, very hard; remove the whites from the yolks, and cut up the whites into squares, and scatter over the salad, then cut up some squares of the beets and scatter over; of the yolks make the sauce, by rubbing very smoothly the yolks with a spoon; add a little Cayenne, salt, a large spoonful of dry mustard, and a teaspoonful of pulverized white sugar; mix these well together in a basin, with a spoon, then slowly add two large spoonfuls of olive-oil, and when a smooth paste, add three spoonfuls of the best vinegar. The sauce must be served with the salad.

A French Canadian fisherman, in passing along the bank of the Ottawa, near its confluence with the St. Lawrence, discovered the body of a large seal close to the shore. On pulling it out of the water he found that the head of the seal was stuck fast in the mouth of a large muskallonge, which would have weighed about fifty pounds. Both seal and fish, as a matter of course, were dead. It is supposed that the seal attempted to capture the muskallonge, but was met with a fierce resistance.

Be Stings.

Mr. J. D. Hyatt, President of the New York Microscopical Society, gave an account of his investigations on the subject of stings. These studies have been extended over a period of eight years, but only recently have some obscure points been made out. The general form of the stinging organs of the honey bee is well known by microscopists. It consists of a horny sheath, within which there are two stings, and these, when in use, are thrust out. There is a poison bag which discharges its contents into the sheath. This is a point well known, but it appears that the precise method by which the fluid makes its way from the sheath into the wound has not heretofore been properly explained. According to the generally accepted explanation the poison is supposed to flow in a channel formed between the two piercers or stings, and in this way make its way into the wound. Mr. Hyatt advances another hypothesis, and believes he has positive proof that he is right, having dissected and examined upwards of a thousand stings.

On examining a properly prepared sting from a honey bee we notice first that the piercers are very sharp, and barbed for some distance from the end, there being nine barbs pointing upward on each one. These barbs are gracefully curved, and it can easily be seen that when once they find their way into the flesh it would be difficult to withdraw them. This explains why the honey bee sting still remains in the flesh, while the stings of other insects, with finer barbs, are withdrawn.

A more careful observation indicates that the stings are tubes. There appears to be a channel running through the length of each one, having branches which terminate in the notches just above the barbs. After careful study of these channels, many of which were found to contain air or water after mounting, and were thus proved to be veritable channels, the question arose to their use. The natural inference would be that they were ducts for the poison, but there could be found no possible connection between the poison gland and these channels, for, as already stated, the poison flows into the sheath.

After long and patient investigation the explanation offered is as follows: At the back part of the sting these channels open into the sheath, and just in front of that opening, attached to the stings, is a sort of valve which projects into the sheath. When, in the operation of stinging, the piercers are thrust out, they carry forward this valve so as to close the front of the sheath, for which purpose they are admirably adapted, and the poison thus confined within the sheath makes its way out through these openings in the stings. Whence once understood the operation seems very simple. There are also some objections to the common explanation. Cross sections of the stings show that the walls are quite thin, but strengthened in some places by internal deposits. The form of the stings is such that no channel can be formed between them to conduct the poison.

Tea Raising.

The experiment of tea growing in this country is one of the most interesting ever tried. Being successful in every way, the time has come to go beyond the experiment and cultivate it on a large scale. In the Southern States, many people have raised tea successfully. It is a hardy shrub, like a thorny evergreen. The ordinary height of the cultivated plant is from three to six feet, and we are told the wild growth reaches fifteen or twenty feet—in fact, a tree ten inches in diameter. Tea is raised from small nuts or seeds. Three or four of these are dropped into a hole and covered with earth two or three inches deep. The weeds must be removed, of course, and at first a little shading is necessary until they are large enough to supply their own shade. They also require some pruning, and the leaves are not collected for use until the plant is three years old; when nine or ten years, they are cut down to make room for the young shoots. Tea gathering, which takes place when the leaves are small, young and juicy, is a process of great niceness and delicacy; it requires delicate, clean, skilful hands; those of women and children are best fitted for the work, and each leaf must be plucked separately from the twig with great care, so as not to injure the young leaves just coming out. After gathering, the process of preparation for use is quite elaborate in rolling, drying, clipping and packing ready for transportation. They pack the tea while warm, in a box perfectly dry; the evaporation of water and the drying changes the color to dark brown or black. Tea is named from the Chinese word for the leaf and the locality in which they are raised. But we seldom taste this favorite herb at its best, for the Chinese send us an inferior article. What an advantage we gain by growing our own tea! In latitudes adapted to its growth every farmer can have his tea garden. Four pounds of green leaves make one pound of prepared tea, and one acre will produce four hundred and fifty pounds of tea.

A Three-Eyed Boy.

The Dayton Journal prints a letter from New Bremen, Ohio, which says: Quite a wonder has lately made its appearance, about eight miles north of New Bremen, in the shape of a fine boy with three eyes and but one ear. The parents are a young married couple, who came here to reside from the eastern portion of Anglaise county about ten months ago, and have been married a little more than that period. The child is about two weeks old. The parents were astounded to find on the right side of the face an eye and an ear in their proper natural positions, and on the left side of the face another eye in its natural position, and about an inch further round on the left side of the head a third eye, all perfect in form, but no ear where the ear ought to be, the place for the left ear being perfectly smooth and solid as any other part of the head. The boy is healthy, sound and bright as a boy can be. The eyes are perfect in sight and action. When the eye on the left side of the face opens or shuts its twin does the same, both seeming to be controlled and operated by the one set of nerves.

## Adventure with an Orang-Outang.

An orang-outang fully seven feet high was discovered by the company of a merchant ship, at a place called Ramboon, on the northwest coast of Sumatra, on a spot where there were few trees and little cultivated ground. "It was evident that he had come from a distance, for his legs were covered with mud up to his knees, and the natives were unacquainted with him. On the approach of the boat's crew he came down from the tree in which he was discovered, and made for a clump at some distance; exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall, man-like figure, covered with shining brown hair, walking erect, with a waddling gait, but sometimes accelerating his motion with his hands, and occasionally impelling himself forward with the bough of a tree. His motion on the ground was evidently not his natural mode of progression, for, even when assisted by his hands and the bough, it was slow and vacillating; it was necessary to see him among the trees to estimate his strength and agility. On being driven to a small clump, he gained by one spring a very lofty branch, and bounded from one branch to another with the swiftness of a common monkey; his progress being as rapid as that of a swift horse. After receiving five balls his exertions relaxed, and, reclining exhausted against a branch, he vomited a quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being by this time exhausted, they were obliged to fell the tree in order to obtain him; but what was their surprise to see him, as the tree was falling, effect his retreat to another, with seemingly undiminished vigor! In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees before they could force him to combat his enemies on the ground, and when finally overpowered by numbers, and nearly in a dying state, he seized a spear made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and broke it like a reed. It was stated, by those who aided in his death, that the human-like expression of his countenance, and his piteous manner of placing his hands on his wounds, distressed their feelings so as to almost make them question the nature of the act they were committing. He was seven feet high, with a broad, expanded chest and narrow waist. His chin was fringed with a beard that curled on each side, and formed an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. His arms were long, even in proportion to his height, but his legs were much shorter. Upon the whole, he was a wonderful beast to behold, and there was more about him to excite amazement than fear. His hair was smooth and glossy, and his whole appearance showed him to be in the full vigor of youth and strength."

Items of Interest.

Raised drafts—Open ventilators. An optical delusion—A glass eye. The figure of oidium—F I G (Edgley). The "gold bird" straw is fashionable for bonnets.

California has refused to let women practice law.

Cat-egorical statement—Speaking to the purr puss.

Even the beats of the pulse are now photographed.

The world's favorite son—Edison.—Breakfast Table.

There is a wag in every household where a dog is kept.

French gingham are now woven to form bourette effects.

Two hundred different varieties of fruit are grown in Georgia.

The letters O. K. were first used as a telegraphic signal for "All right."

Motto for a beautiful woman asleep—Handsome is as handsome doze.

Iquique enjoyed forty-six earthquakes in five days, from Jan. 22 to Jan. 26.

The Government of India recognizes, so it is said, 420 different Hindoo castes.

Men who travel barefooted around a newly-carpeted bedroom, often find themselves on the wrong track.

Greek bands, of metal, leather, or of the dress material, are worn on the skirts of dresses a little below the waist.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing—it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

"What in all the world, in all the world," they say, "is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as May?"

"Emano" is a new cotton material similar to French cambrie, and will be used to combine with lawns for house dresses.

A Piute chief owns a high silk hat, and is so careful of it that, his hut being leaky, he keeps it covered with skins in a hole in the ground.

The barrel factories are doing a staving business, and their proprietors feel like standing on their heads and whooping in chimes.

"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician, in the course of conversation. "So has a jackass!" replied a bystander.

Through the silver mist  
Of the blossom-spray,  
Trill the orioles: list  
To their joyous lay!

They were gliding along in a bark canoe. "Is this the Lake Huron?" said the tourist. "Of course it's the lake you're on," said the guide.

There are about 20,000 or 30,000 working jewelers in the United States, Massachusetts having 1,500; Rhode Island 2,600; Newark, N. J., 2,500; New York 6,000.

First and last, spiders have a hard time of it. The delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders, of a species that are selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material.

The spider, when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article.

Words of Wisdom.

Moroseness is always the evening of turbulence.

Charity is frequently best displayed in helping others to help themselves.

Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done.

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortune; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

Always speak the truth, but speak it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

Men frequently do not exercise as much discretion as some of the smaller animals. In prosperous times all laborers have abundance. Then is the time to save for winter and financial storms.

Angels in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but of good deeds thou hast done in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blessed—Koran.

The great wealth of nations has always been and must always be based on agriculture. Out of the earth, directly or indirectly, comes all upon which men subsist and need for food, or raising. In its employment, come a freshness and an independence known to no other occupation.

Quarrels, like thunder storms, would end in sunshine if it were not for the termination to have the last word. If you are scolded or criticized just bite your lips and keep still, and it will soon be over; but